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# The Grim Reaper's Son



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## Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

He glided- literally the epitome of lingering ghosts and mournful souls-across the blood soaked ground. He felt the dying and already dead souls, either reaching towards him or trying effortlessly to get away.

A floating orb hovered above him, collecting willing and reluctant souls alike as he continued his survey on the bleak land.

"So much unneeded blood shed", he thought grimly- no pun intended - feeling a rising anger towards his former pupil and ally.

Raising a hand of only dry bones and black wispy shadows, he summoned the orb back to his hand.

It instantly elongated into a scythe. It had no soul of its own, only the souls that had been collected within it. It was a simple thing yet menacing all the same.

He was prepared to leave, seeing enough of the carnage created by one of his biggest mistakes when heard it. no, heard was the wrong word. He felt it; a soul tugging on his weary bones with faint but undying persistence

I was only beginning to understand the small body of an immortal.

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Chapter 2 by Chase Lomax



He took the boy to his home. It was a shabby place above ground. It was black on the outside and looked like it was about to fall apart. The inside just faintly had a bit of blood spots here and there. The Grim Reaper posed as an old man helping people but killing them in the middle of the night. The boy was put in the fireplace where the Grim Reaper burned him. "For 3 nights and 2 days you shall be in here," the Grim reaper said. For that amount of time the grim reaper waited. When the baby came out of the fire with eyes ablaze. The baby was dead fully. He was a skeleton. The poor baby never saw daylight again.

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